

Correspondence.

GREENWOOD, July 28, 1853.

Dear Sir: I am instructed by the Board of Trutees of the Presbyterian High Schools at this place, to tender you the thanks of the Body, for the very chaste and able address delivered before the Schools and the community at the close of their annual examination to-day, and to ask the favor of you to furnish them with a copy for publication.

Very respectfully, yours,

JAS. GILLAM, Sec'ty. B. T.

W. C. MORAGNE, Esq.

GREENWOOD, July 29, 1853.

Dear Sir: Your favor of yesterday has been received, and I beg you to tender my acknowledgments to the Board of Trustees for the very kind and complimentary manner in which they have been pleased to speak of my address delivered before the schools, and which I fear they have estimated above its real merits. Though prepared in haste, and without any view of its publication, I feel unwilling to withhold it from them, and will seize the earliest opportunity of placing a copy at their disposal.

Very respectfully, yours,


W. C. MORAGNE.

GEN'L JAS. GILLAM, Sect'y., B. T.

JSC

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ADDRESS.

Since the dawn of American liberty, the great question of politics and government has so intensely occupied the talent of our country, that little regard has been paid to the advancement of general science, or to the true objects of national glory. In the early days of the Republic, when politics was made the subject of scientific pursuit, adorned often by the polished beauties of literary studies, our country yielded a fruitful crop of patriot statesmen, whose wisdom, while making for us fame abroad, secured to our people at home, the rich blessings of a pure liberty and a high-toned morality. Political science, based on the great principles of human freedom and human knowledge, and acquired by our fathers with much labor, from the master works of former times, and from their own sage and profound reflections, was, in those days, the pride of the patriot, the statesman, and the philosopher. But now, it has, in a measure, lost its broad compass and its solid depths; and having degenerated into a mere farrago of shallow information, picked up at random from the newspapers and periodicals of the day, men too often devote themselves to it, as to a trade, more for the purpose of advancing their private ends than their country's glory. As a legitimate result, the standard of intellectual attainments and the moral grade of the politician have been greatly depressed. Instead of the broad statesmanship and lofty patriotism of other days, we have now the calculating selfishness of the demagogue, and the charlatancy of political empirics.

The proud political glory of the commonwealth, sustained by the once fair fame of our people, has been dragged down from its pre-eminence, and blurred by a spirit of wretched diplomacy, or by an idolatrous worship at the shrines of cupidity and ambition.

This has rendered politics in many respects so disgusting, as to cause the better class of politicians, for the most part, to retire from the active posts of the government, which they can no longer fill with satisfaction to themselves, or with good to their country. Few, now, it is believed, seek the political offices of the Union, who are not urged on by the spurs of a sickly ambition, or by a burning desire to make their fortune in the game of politics.

To avert the evils likely to result from this disregard of the great rules of order and right, which Heaven itself has ordained, it is necessary to encourage this alienation of feeling from the subject of politics, by directing some of the able minds of the country, into those elevating pursuits, which, while liberalizing the feelings and raising the thoughts and sentiments of our nature, will lead to that thorough training of the mind, and to that sublime discipline of the heart, on which depend the proper advancement of knowledge and the real glory of our race. Effect this object—turn the gifted intellects of the land into a proper study of literature, science, and those refining arts which adorn human character, and the country would soon smile again in moral beauty and intellectual grandeur.

Driven, in a great measure, from the political arena, and from the popular professions of law and medicine, by the crowds with which these are thronged, it is fair to presume, that the strong talent of the country will gradually seek some other theatre for the display of its powers. Genius is instinctively active; and if no way be opened for it in the field of investigation, it will soon strive to make one for itself. And what could offer more enticing charms to call forth its active energies, than pleasant labors in the rich fields of history, philosophy, theology, poetry, physical science and the fine arts? When this event shall occur, it will be cause of gratulation to every patriot heart. It is almost impossible to estimate fully the value of a well developed literature to a country ambitious of future glory. On this depend mainly the high character and lasting fame of a people. De-

stroy the *literature* of past ages, and what would be left to us of the history of the world? Take from Greece, her philosophers, her historians, her poets, and her artists—the names of Hesiod and Homer, of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Xenophon and Plutarch, of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, of Phidias and Praxitiles—she would stand bare, and almost contemptible in the eyes of the world. Her history would present only a thread of barren detail—a mere succession of names and events, of wars and battles, without the motives, the feelings, the results, which impart to these their chief value. Her distinguished statesmen and orators, her renowned warriors, splendid military achievements, now the praise of every tongue and the admiration of every land, would be known only through the dim traditions of time, with not a tithe of the lustre that now encircles them. Till the capture of Corinth and Carthage, (146 B. C.) when poets, orators and grammarians, flocked in from other countries, Rome lived only in a fabulous mythology, or in the dead materials of the earlier annalists. Her age of heroism had indeed existed, and her military prowess had been the wonder of many a people, but no pen of genius had been employed to eternize her deeds of valor; and thus the pure fame of early Rome, shining only through the dim light of an *Ennius* or a *Plautus*, and a few heavy chroniclers, has been obscured, under the dazzling splendor of the age of the Cæsars, illustrated by the genius of a Horace, a Virgil, a Livy, a Cicero, a Sallust, a Pliny, a Tacitus, a Juvenal and the like.

No nation of antiquity, not blessed with the genius of authorship, lives, except in the imperfect recollections of a vague tradition, or in the broken fragments of foreign historians. But for the small light, gleamed from Grecian and Roman writers, where now would be the fame of Troy, of Palmyra, of Thebes, of Tyre, of Carthage, of Macedon, and even of the famous Sparta herself? But for the immortal genius of Homer, what would have been the fame of Achilles and Agamemnon, of Priam and Hector? What the glory of the great Pericles, the statesman of the world, but for the biographical pen of Plutarch? Who now would know *Mæcenas*, the light and admiration of his age, but for the glowing pens of Horace and Virgil, his friends and dependants?

Take from England, her Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare; her Bacon, Locke and Newton; her Gibbon, Hume and Hallam; her Dryden, Milton and Young, and her whole host of literary worthies—and how wonderfully would she sink in the scale of glory, despite her immense wealth, her gigantic strength, and her world renowned prowess? Strike out, at this time, from the map of nations, these United States, so famed for the extent of their territory, for the freedom of their institutions, for their rapid internal improvements, and for their practical military genius—and, in five centuries, or ten at most, they would be about as little known we fear, and the object of as much wonder, as the fabled *Atlantis* of Plato—with little left by which to trace the details of an accurate history—with few names to live in the memory of man.

No! it is literature alone, which makes the enduring fame of a nation. It is this, which gives to a people their true pre-eminence and glory. This records their manners and customs, their sentiments and opinions, their genius and peculiarities. This *immortalizes* the various forms of their mental development, and the manifold works of their creation.

To establish, therefore, a solid literature, adorned by a high moral and gentlemanly culture, should be a leading object of ambition with every civilized people. With us, this is a great *desideratum*—not that we would join in the charge made by foreigners and by some ungenerous critics of our country, that our writers have produced no works worthy of the age and country:—on the contrary, we glory in some of the literary efforts of our countrymen, and rejoice in the idea that we have the *elements*, which, if properly directed, will form a literary grandeur not to be surpassed by any nation on the globe; but it must be admitted, that the *corpus* of our literature is defective; that it has no systematic development; that it wants refining and polishing; in other words, that we have not that succession of trained authors—not that catalogue of philosophers, historians, poets, rhetoricians, artists, and men of science, necessary to form a proper literature.

At a time, therefore, when scholarship and gentlemanly bearing are become of such vast importance to the country, and are likely to receive a higher degree of attention from our people, it may not be amiss, my young friends, briefly to bring before your minds some of the leading characteristics of the SCHOLAR and the GENTLEMAN.

To form the scholar there are three chief requisites, viz : a thorough disciplining of the mind, a profound scientific erudition, and a pure classic style.

To discipline the mind, which is the main object of elementary education, is, at once, the most difficult and the most important matter in the acquisition of knowledge. It consists in a proper development of all the faculties and propensities with which we are endued. By the aid of mental philosophy, the great *thesaurus* of human knowledge, these various propensities and faculties have been pretty well ascertained and defined ; and the province of the student is now chiefly to learn and to train them. The four rational arts of Lord Bacon, viz ; 1st, the art of enquiry or invention ; 2nd., the art of examination or judging ; 3rd., the art of custody or memory ; 4th., the art of elocution or delivery, sufficiently indicate the active powers to be cultivated ; while many of the studies which engage the attention of youth serve to lay the foundation of these various arts, of which the superstructure is to be reared in after life by the constant exercise and discipline of the mind. Thus to promote the art of enquiry or invention, nothing serves better than the study of the ancient languages, analytical mathematics, and mental philosophy. To form the art of examination or judging, the study of geometry, logic, history and the natural sciences is found to be useful. The memory is improved by the various exercises through which the student is carried in his academical and collegiate course ; the art of elocution or delivery is best learned from the rudiments of this art, which should be carefully taught in our schools and colleges, and from the study of *Belles Lettres*, poetry, rhetoric, history, and the orations of distinguished speakers and orators.

It is only when the mind is trained by a careful cultivation of all the powers employed in these various arts that mental discipline can be rendered at all complete ; and unless developed in this harmonious union with each other, the mental faculties acquire only a part of the gigantic strength of which they are capable, and must, therefore fail to achieve the grand results of highly cultivated intellect.

The scholar should labor to prepare his mind for the patient, prudent, and masterly investigation of every subject which presents itself for study. He should be able not only to read profoundly, but to *think* profoundly ; not only to gather ideas, and facts and sentiments, but to analyse, combine and illustrate these in the most pointed and perspicuous manner ; for these are the virtues, by which he is to build his fame, and to establish the immortality of his works. The sharp inquiry, therefore ; the rigid analysis ; the painful retention ; the labored style, demand all his energies. Unless favored by this severe mental training, how splendid soever the genius with which he may be gifted, he can, as an author, expect no enduring fame. Writings, to secure the approbation of ages, must be able to bear the test of criticism in all the essentials of excellence, or like the thousands of badly analysed, immethodical effusions that see the light in our country, they will be forgotten by posterity, or go down neglected and despised.

The second requisition of the scholar is a profound, systematic erudition. After a want of scientific analysis and logical arrangement, nothing strikes one with so much force, in examining the written productions of our country, as the superficial character, which they, for the most part exhibit. The cork rather than the *plummet*, seems to have been used in sounding the subjects of which they treat. To the thinking reader, they give the idea of an author, who is only half informed on his subject. They may, it is true, sometimes gratify the curiosity and please the fancy, but rarely convince and satisfy the judgment. Can such productions lay claim to a living immortality ? Can they stand the criticism of ages ? No effort of the mind, however bright the genius that gave it birth, can enjoy a lasting fame, unless it be *elaborated* ; unless it has been characterized by sound thought, by systematic arrangement and by a comprehensive grasp of ideas. Deep learning and sage reflection are the foundations of all good writing.

"*Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons,*"

is a maxim old as the days of Horace. And by the word "*sapere*," is meant that varied learning, that deep wisdom, which is to be acquired only by a familiar knowledge of the master works in general literature, and by a rigid analysis of the thoughts, feelings and sentiments of the mind. The scholar, seeking to explore likewise the fields of science in search of the great principles of wisdom to be transmitted to future ages, must walk with *nature* in all his ramblings. Yes! this sublime instructress of eternal wisdom must be evoked from her secret recesses, and studied in all her works, laws and developments; in all her forms, ideas and essences; for from these shine forth the bright archetypes of perpetual truth, which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Here alone is the profound of knowledge: here the wisdom of ages; for,

"*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.*"—JUVENAL.

The range of knowledge, therefore, for the labors of the scholar, is the study of God, the study of man, and the study of the physical universe, in their general properties and relations. But from the finite capacity of man and the limited time allowed for the pursuit of knowledge, it were better for the scholar instead of attempting to embrace this large circle, to confine his investigation *chiefly* to one particular branch. Yet by a proper eclecticism; by a judicious method of study and a prudent husbandry of time and resources, he may succeed in engrafting upon his mind the more important parts of *general science*; and beyond doubt, greater excellence may be reached in one branch, by calling to aid solid acquirements in other collateral and kindred branches; for in the language of an elegant writer of antiquity.

"*Omnes artes, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continenter.*

Would you, for example, become an historian? study well the events of your epoch, the most approved works of other historians, in short, all the secret and mysterious truths of history; but embrace likewise the sister arts of your profession—language, rhetoric, poetry, political and mental philosophy, the general principles of natural science. Would you become a poet or a philosopher, a lawyer or a divine? There is scarcely any branch of knowledge that does not reflect light upon these various callings, and if properly learned, would greatly assist in attaining to a higher degree of excellence in each.

But in your method of study and in the use of books a discriminating judgment is to be exercised, if you would make useful attainments in science according to the limits here assigned. Rejecting the numerous trashy productions of the day, it is necessary to lay hold with vigor on the master works, which alone teach the systematic principles of science. Your catalogue of authors may not hereby appear so long and imposing, and among the slightly informed you may seem to be less learned; but you will, nevertheless, have been inducted into all the more important secrets of learning, and without that discursive mode of study, which serves rather to weaken than to strengthen the powers of thought. In most of the subordinate works in any branch of knowledge, you find little else than the great principles brought to light by master minds, presented in easy detail, often with the loss of all science: with the loss of method, brevity, pith and force. Besides, if you would drink purely and satisfactorily of the waters of knowledge, it is always better to go to the fountain heads. "*Melius est petere fontes, quam Sectari rivus.*"

3d. The third requisite of the scholar is a *pure, classic style*. Few works without uncommon merit in other respects, will be long or often read, unless presented in the attractive guise which classic taste can alone impart; and often it is this only which can secure the immortality of a book of even positive merit. True, a particular style, easy and pleasant in its flow, though disfigured by provincialisms and by meretricious ornament, may sometimes, when the subject interests, acquire popularity, and, for a season, be read with interest; but devoid of the charms of pure and polished language, it bears in it the seeds of an early death. It cannot stand the test of ages, nor wake the general admiration of mankind. Sometimes, also, a chaste and elegant style will give to a literary effort, a lasting charm, much beyond its intrinsic merits.

Style, therefore, is of the utmost value to the scholar, and has been so regarded among the polished nations of the globe. "Style," said an ancient Philosopher, "is the countenance of the mind : " *oratio vultus animi est* ;—and the learned Buffon maintained, that "style is the man himself"—*Le style est l'homme meme*. But however various may be the words employed to express the idea of style, and how diverse soever the opinions and tastes of mankind on the subject—all admit its great importance, and among all enlightened nations its certain characteristic beauties are fully acknowledged. Do any differ, for instance, as to the fascinating charms in the language of Homer and Herodotus, Zenophon and Thucydides, Virgil and Horace, of Cicero and Tacitus ? Do any fail to admire the sublime measures of Milton and Dante, the flowing rythm of Dryden and Pope, or the mellifluous periods of Addison, Swift, Steele and McCauley ?

But in what, it may be asked, do the beauties of style consist ? That must be deemed the best style, and to possess the most beauties, which most completely fulfills its objects. Now the great, leading object of written composition is to express the thoughts, feelings and sentiments of our nature in the clearest, most forcible and most attractive manner. Brevity, therefore, condensation, purity and propriety of language, elegance and force, form the chief ingredients of a good style. Hence, all expletives, all redundant imagery, all superfluous adjectives, nouns, adverbs and prepositions must be studiously avoided ; so should all slang words, and words not authorized by the classic writers of our language. In short, a plain, simple, dignified, practical, in contra distinction to a florid, pedantic style is to be aimed at in all kinds of composition. True, in the fire of passion and in the heat of enthusiasm, the boldness of figure is often allowable ; but in the very height of the boldest tropes and metaphors, the language should still be simple, chaste and forcible. Look to the Bible—that noblest of all models—you will find the most remarkable events, the most powerful passions, the boldest figures, the sublimest thoughts and sentiments, all couched in the plain, simple, dignified language of truth and beauty. And next to this wonderful Book, stand the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer, as remarkable for the beautiful simplicity of their style, as for the boldness of their metaphors, and the grandeur of their conceptions. To make approaches to the noble simplicity of these works has been a leading object of ambition with the master intellects of all succeeding ages.

Young men are apt to think a magnificent style essential to the strength and beauty of composition. They fancy, that their productions, if not strewed with flowery images, dazzling metaphors and gorgeous language, will fall short of admiration and success. They could as well expect to see a beautiful woman, decked off in all sorts of fantastic colors and tawdry fripperies, walking on stilts, excite the admiration of refined tastes. The fact is, beauty in style, like beauty in every thing else, "*when unadorned, is adorned the most.*"

Flowery, pompous writing, in which our country much abounds, possesses very little merit of any sort. It is generally of easy acquisition—requiring but little labor, taste or judgment. In this, almost any smart school-boy might have equalled, perhaps surpassed, Addison, Swift, Steele, or any of the best classics of our language. Yet in every newspaper and periodical in our country, in nearly every pamphlet, oration, or sonnet, and at least two thirds of our Congressional speeches, you can trace this fulsome, grandiloquent style ; while the terse elegant simplicity of the old classics, the plain, bold, practical manliness of Calhoun and Webster—the result of great labor and pains—has few imitators, and seems to enjoy little favor with the generality of our reading public.

It may be said finally that the classic style is proverbially chaste, pure and simple ; and that the profounder and riper the scholar, the purer and simpler his style.

In this imperfect outline of the scholar, we see one, my young friends, who is capable of rendering his name immortal on the pages of history, and of conferring lasting credit and renown upon his country. Would that our republic abounded in such characters, as it has been, and is still blessed with some of the master intellects of the age.

As the training of the mind is necessary to form the scholar, so the discipline of the heart is essential to the development of the gentleman. "Keep thy heart dili-

gently," says the inspired pensman, "for out of it are the issues of life." That is, the will, the appetites, the affections, having by a figure of speech, their seat in the heart, furnish the motive power to all of our actions: and hence to regulate these by inculcating just and honorable sentiments, will produce, in the outward man, a corresponding state of good and virtuous conduct.

The first leading characteristic of the gentleman, is the practice, in every relation of life, of *virtuous principle and honorable sentiment*. In the first place, "clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature," [Lord Bacon]; for it leads not only to a pure and elevated morality, but so shapes society as to promote the happiness and prosperity of mankind. But to effect this good, it must be that honorable dealing, which springs from the pure impulses of the heart, and not that cunning morality, which is the result of a studied selfishness. Some, it is evident, are only honest from policy: the true *gentleman*, from an innate love of virtue and from regard to the welfare of others; and while, in many bosoms, the low, selfish desires of our nature are restrained only by the fear of evil, with the gentleman, they are suppressed by generous resolution, or controlled by the sentiments of honor. Whether in sunshine or in darkness, in power or in subjection, his motives are ever high and generous; his sentiments pure and noble; his conduct straightforward and manly.

On such a man the world soon learns to rely—yielding him a confidence, which is not only credit and wealth to him, but credit and wealth to all with whom he has dealings. What more contributes to the prosperity and happiness of society, than that mutual reliability among its members—that trustworthiness, which puts men at ease with one another, and leads them to unite in enterprises for the public good? Who is a greater dispenser of blessings among his fellow men, than he who inspires a ready confidence in all the relations of life—civil, social and political? Who is just in his dealings with every one? To whom may be entrusted the important secret concerns of the family and state? These are the qualities which felicitate the intercourse of men.

Nothing probably so increases the charms of social life, as that gentlemanly discretion, which throws the veil of oblivion over the foibles, indiscretions and loose freedoms of our associates. Among the Athenians, the *Rose*, as an emblem of silence, was suspended over the table, during their social and public festivals, to denote, that what was said or done at that time, when the heart was given up to free enjoyment, was "*sub Rosa*," or under bonds of a sacred secrecy;—hence the origin of the phrase with us; and even now, this sacred secrecy in all the intimate walks of life, forms one of the distinguishing marks of a true gentleman.

To break in upon the sanctuary of private friendship, and publish to the world casual conversations and off-hand remarks of unrestrained intimacy, is the coarse exhibition of a vulgar taste, and shows a heart wholly destitute of the nice sensibilities of the refined gentleman. When beholding the man guilty of this unpardonable vice, it would be well to recollect the caution of the old Latin poet,

"*Longe fuge; habet fœnum in cornu.*" Hor.

A strict regard for *truth* is another mark of the gentleman. Truth has been said to be the crowning virtue of our nature. "He who goes forth into the world with truth in his heart is a *King*," and will conquer and reign in perpetual glory. Let a man carry with him the love of this royal virtue in all the walks of life; in his daily conduct and in his nightly thoughts; in all his dealings with his fellow men and in his searches after knowledge—he will become a shining ornament to society—a living oracle of wisdom! Where, too, the fire of truth burns within the heart, goodness and virtue will be radiated therefrom, as light and heat are radiated from the sun. "There is not in the universe," says a profound man, "so intimate a sympathy as that between truth and goodness." [Bacon.]

The man of truth—he who loves truth for its own sake—will gradually advance in moral excellence till he comes to live in a region of healthful love and beauty. By the gentle graces of his nature, he will breathe happiness into all around him, while creating for himself an existence of unwonted purity. He will rise into a sphere of being loftier and purer than earth's polluted joys can give; and, like the immortal Newton, dwell in bliss fast by the oracles of God; for "'tis certain heaven upon

earth for a man's mind to move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." [Bacon.]

Falschhood is the opposite of truth, and casts a stigma upon our race. To lie—to be false to our fellow-men, to be false to ourselves and to our country: to be false to our God; these are acts that blur the grace and blush of virtue. Practised generally, they would soon upturn the order of the world, and convert an earthly Paradise into a wretches *Pandemonium*. No true gentleman can bear falschhood upon his lips, or suffer it to grow in his heart. No! his chief glory is to bear along with him, this talismanic virtue, this proud emblem of Divinity, in all the walks of life; in small things as in large things; in secret as in public; when interested or disinterested; in matters of indifference as in matters of importance. Has such a character no charms to captivate the young? Strive to become such; and should you find such an one among the citizens of the world

— "Wear him

In your heart's core, ay, in your heart of heart."—HAMLET.

The gentleman is also distinguished by a *firm adherence to the fixed principles of his life*; stability of character, in opposition to a notional, vacillating nature, is the foundation of almost every virtue in the human breast, as a heart of fickleness and levity is the soil of almost every folly and vice. It matters not what may be a man's calling in life, he should endeavor to be governed in his conduct by some presiding principles of honor and justice; for these are the chart and compass to guide him over the broad sea of life; and *firmness* is the sheet anchor by which he may hold himself erect when the winds blow and the storm rages. Without these, a man will be tost upon the ocean waves of life, the idle sport of every wind of opinion, which interest may dictate or folly suggest. What, amid the vicissitudes of life, when appetite, desire and passion are often appealed to by the most seductive temptations, can be more essential to the correct man than these fixed principles! Are you a devotee of pleasure? How numerous the enticing shapes in which this voluptuous goddess appears to win you from your ways. Are you a friend? The feelings and inclinations of your heart, will often tempt you from the conclusions of judgment and from the path of rectitude, to sever the ties of friendship. Have you a calling, in which exaggeration or misrepresentation may add to your gain? Beware, lest insensibly you yield to the temptation. Are you a politician? The demands of party, the promptings of ambition, and the mandates of majorities, will often test all the manly firmness of your nature, and too often swerve you from the pathway of truth and honor.

But in all these relations, whatever may be the allurements, the gentleman will stand firm to his faith. He will, it is true, be sometimes wantonly assailed by the corrupt and the narrow-souled; the bickerings of party and the denunciations of cliques may occasionally fill his ears with foul abuse; curses may even follow his independent firmness of principle, and he may be at times, deserted by all except the virtuous few; in this world of strife and conflict, all this may be expected, and more, for

"With fame in just proportion envy glows,

The man that makes a character, makes foes;"

but, sustained by a real bravery of heart, springing from a pure conscience and from a firm reliance upon the wisdom and justice of a supreme moral Governor of the universe, he will boldly breast all the cravings of appetite, all the promptings of interest, all the shafts of envy, and all the storms of passion.

Of such elevated conduct no little soul is capable. That heart only can bear it, which has been taught to master itself: which has been expanded by the generous precepts of wisdom and justice, of honor and religion; which has been ennobled by grand thoughts, by proud aspirations, and by generous sentiments. He who acquires this noble elevation of soul, and this proud pre-eminence of conduct, is the true gentleman—nay—the great man—the moral hero of society. Such a man stands upon the pinnacle of virtue, even when assailed by all the forces of malignant envy and hatred. What though the world may carp and cavil at his virtues? What though destruction may, for awhile, asperse his fair fame? What though envy, with its green-eyed malice, may strive to drag him down from his just po-

sition, and to elevate above him the weak and the small? All this, in no way daunts the boldness of his heart, or dims the lustre of his fame. Neither rancor, nor enmities, nor malice, nor envyings, nor *false height*, can change the inborn virtues of the heart. These can never make the small great, nor the great small,

“Pygmies are Pygmies, though perched on Alps,
And Pyramids are Pyramids in vales.”—YOUNG.

At high bearing and a generous magnanimity also marks the gentleman. Few things are more important, and at the same time more difficult, to the young men of our country, than to form an accurate conception of the precepts and practice of the *true man of honor*. A standard, false in many respects, has been allowed to grow up among us, which has imparted to the so-called man of honor a character somewhat fanciful and grotesque. He seems formed upon a pattern to be found neither upon the earth, nor in the Heavens, nor in the earth beneath. Controlled often by false conceits and incongruous whimsies, he strives in a half-quixotic zeal, after the bubble honor: raising a storm of passion about some imaginary slur or trivial jest: staking his reputation upon a sickly thought, or a petty innuendo: standing up, in a word, to be shot at for a supposed injury or insult, springing from a wry look or a flimsy reproach—this is the fashionable man of honor: this the *professional duellist*: who would make his way in the world with his pistols instead of his brains, and who sets himself up as a candidate for the admiration of his fellow-men. Does he deserve that favor? Now while men continue reckless and obstinate, attacks of a grave nature will be made upon character, that call for redress: a sense of shame and pride of feeling will prompt to this; but, under a sound state of public opinion, might not most of these cases be made the subjects of amicable adjustment? Yet now a mode of redress is hastily resorted to, on every trivial occasion, which the whole community, in its sober judgment, frankly condemns, but, in sober practice, plainly upholds and encourages. What boots it to condemn a theory, when applause and approbation follow the practice? Change public sentiment, and you will soon reform the evil.

In the meanwhile, let the young men of our country begin this reform by cultivating purer and better principles of honor. Make your views on this subject, my young friends, practical and sensible; abandoning the specious rules and forms of the so-called codes of honor, create within the heart a higher and healthier state of sentiment. Improve your *moral* courage, and divest yourselves of that fainty sensitiveness, which, would call you to the field of single combat for every trifling *innuendo*, or every petty insult.

“Gonsalvo, the great commander, always said, a gentleman’s honor should be of a good strong web or warp, that every little thing should not catch in it. Whereas now it seems cob-web lawn, which is certainly weakness and not true greatness of mind, but like a sick man’s body, so tender as to feel everything.”—BACON.

Encourage, therefore, a frank, generous, manly style of conduct. Be courageous: be bold: but be studious to avoid giving offence. Are you inclined to bitterness of repartee? Recollect: “Moderation is the silken string, running through the pearl chain of virtues.”—[FULLER.] Does the love of display, the charm of wit, or the pride of victory, lead you to rally your associates and to sport idly with their feelings, their sentiments or their characters. Remember,

“Parts may be praised—*good nature* is adored;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak.”—YOUNG.

If you wrong a man without a cause, or for a trivial cause, at once make a manly apology; if you are wronged, and an apology is offered, forgive and forget. “Generous and magnanimous minds are readiest to forgive; and ’tis a weakness and impotency of mind not to forgive.”—[BACON.] Washington, it is said, being rudely knocked down by a small man whom he had offended, sought the earliest opportunity, after reflection, to make the man a handsome apology, because he deemed himself the aggressor.

A French Dragoon, during the Peninsular war, overtaking in the charge a defeated English officer, and discovering that the Englishman had lost his *sword arm*, saluted him and retired. This was the essence of chivalry. Was it not generous?

Was it not noble? Such examples, though rare, deserve to be held up for emulation. They teach lessons of true courage—of real magnanimity.

The gentleman, always frank, generous and liberal, can never descend to a mean or cowardly act. He cannot wantonly inflict an injury. If he unguardedly commit a wrong, he, at once, generously applies the remedy. Bravery shines within his bosom, it is true as one of the sterling virtues of his nature; he is bold in thought—bold in deed; but his boldness is of that lofty stamp, which under the form of courageous wisdom, makes both truth and virtue powerful. There is nothing in him of the bully or the braggart. No! modesty sits upon his brow in chaste simplicity, and, while allowing him a bold energy, a daring enthusiasm, in the concerns of life tempers his heart with that humane forbearance, with that generous frankness, which rarely fail to excite the love and admiration of men. Of such a man it might be exclaimed as it was of the renowned Ulysses.

“What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!

Great in the council—glorious in the field.”—POPE’S *ILIAD*.

The gentleman is again distinguished by a *delicate regard for the feelings and character of others*. Much of the happiness of social intercourse springs from numerous civilities, which cost those who practice them little trouble, but give those who receive them great pleasure and satisfaction. The basis of true politeness is a refined taste and an appreciative talent: a native delicacy of sentiment, which restrains every disposition to offend, and quickly discerns the modest merit of an honest heart. In this delicate texture of mind, nature does much more for some individuals than for others. There are those, who possess this native refinement in so high a degree, as to evince in all they do or say, a strict propriety and a nice taste; giving out, as it were, fresh from the heart those blandishments of character, which so highly embellish our race and bless society. These are *nature’s noblemen*; who present a striking contrast with another class of persons, whose nature seem rough hewn and incapable of polish; who, in social intercourse, appear intolerant, gruff, and insensible to all the charms of polished life. Except that to which they have been trained by formal etiquette, such men know little of genuine politeness. They may be able to extend the usual hospitalities of the house, and go through with the ordinary courtesies of life; but they will do this with so patronizing an air, with so much apparent condescension and studied familiarity as to wound the feelings of a refined nature in almost every hour of the day. The gentleman, on the contrary, by a kind forbearance, by a real desire to please, by those numerous and nameless attentions that spring only from the gentle heart, involuntarily disperses pleasure by the charms of his society: inspiring freedom and ease into all who approach him; and conferring upon the guest of his house all the blessings of a genuine hospitality. Moved moreover by those tender charities, comprehended under the names, father, mother, brother, sister, *friend*, he excels in the practice of all the social and domestic virtues, never failing to exhibit that modest regard for his fellow-men, that polite deference to age, to position, to merit, and that graceful and profound respect for the gentler and lovelier portion of our race, which, at once, adorn and magnify the qualities of the heart.

Among the ancient Athenians and Spartans, the youth were regularly instructed in obedience to their superiors, and in all the privileges of age over youth. At their meals, in their popular assemblies, and in all their public gatherings, the young men held a place of modest retirement. It was declared in the laws of Solon: “Let the Senoi first propose such measures as he thinks most expedient for the Republic, and after him such other citizens as choose it, according to the order of their age.” Hence Demosthenes, the greatest orator of any age, in his first *Phillipic*, apologises to the people for having risen to address them before the old men had declared their views. What a beautiful lesson for the young men of our age and country!

It was the delight, also, of the ancient youth to sit modestly at the feet of age and experience, and draw hence not only their lessons of science and patriotic wisdom, but likewise, the rules and precepts of daily conduct; and one of the most beautiful chapters in the moral history of the Pagan world, is that which treats of the ardent devotion of the young men to their aged parents.

In these customs, we observe some of the chief elements of a gentlemanly education, that deserve to be well considered by the youth of our country.

Reared in this polite school of the heart, the young man becomes armed with powerful auxiliaries to aid him in the toilsome duties of life. He is prepared to win the approbation of his fellow-men by means the most fair and honorable, and thus may secure to himself the pathway at once to favor and to fortune.

The gentleman is likewise studious to cultivate a genuine devotion to his *friends* and to *his country*? Friend! Patriot! Are not these very words calculated to inspire love for the divine impulses of the human heart? How many delightful thoughts, how many generous sentiments, how many sweet emotions arise to the mind in the contemplation of this short word—“*friend*.” The gambols of childhood, the gayeties of youth, the delights of age, the pleasures of history, all conspire to enhance its charming reminiscences. In dwelling here, how naturally does the mind revert to the sacred friendships of Ruth and Naomi? of Jonathan and David? of Nisus and Euryalus? of Damon and Pythias?

Ruth, the most devoted of female friends, was so strongly bound to her mother-in-law in the ties of love, that when the latter entreated her, after the death of her husband, to return to her father's people, she refused, pathetically exclaiming.

“Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whitherso thou goest, I will go: and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people and thy God my God: Where thou diest will I die and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.”—[Ruth, chapt., 1, v, 16, 17.]

The attachment of Jonathan to David, is another most beautiful example of friendship taught in holy writ. When David's life was threatened by King Saul, Jonathan, Saul's son and heir, continued his steadfast friend, though thereby he incurred his father's displeasure and the loss of his father's throne. He made a covenant with David, and gave him a token by which to save his life; all which he did, because, in the language of the inspired writer, “*Jonathan loved David as he loved his own soul.*”

The classic reader is reminded, also, of the strong friendship between Nisus and Euryalus, so beautifully described by Virgil in a charming episode to the 9th *Æneid*. Nisus, being left to defend an entrance to the camp in the war with Turnus, sallied forth in search of *Æneas*,

Euryalus—“than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, nor sweeter air, could boast.”

resolutely accompanying him, was about to be cut down by *Volscus* in a fight with a Latin detachment. *Nisus* with death staring him in the face, rushed forward to receive the blow that was about to fall on *Euryalus*, but unable to save the life of his friend, he madly sought to avenge his death, and instantly lost his own life. Thus those brave youths, bound together in life by every tie of affection, who had been boon companions and congenial friends on the voyage and in the war, were inseparably united in death. “O, happy friends,” exclaims the gifted poet—

“O, happy friends! for if my verse can give
Immortal your fame shall ever live,
Fixed as the capitol's foundation lies,
And spread where'er the Roman eagle flies.”—DRYDEN'S VIR.

Equally bright was the friendship of *Damon* and *Pythias*. The latter condemned to death by the tyrant *Dionysius* of Syracuse, asked leave to visit his family, offering to leave a friend as a pledge for his return. Prompted by curiosity, *Dionysius* assented to the arrangement, and *Damon* took the place of *Pythias*. The day for the return of *Pythias* arrived: it drew to a close: yet *Pythias* did not appear, and *Damon* was about to be led to execution. The public mind was raised to the highest state of excitement—when behold!—the faithful *Pythias*, detained by unavoidable circumstances, hurriedly arrived, and thus saved the life of *Damon*. Even the iron heart of *Dionysius*, was melted by this instance of devoted friendship; he pardoned *Pythias*: and asked the two to allow him to join their friendship, which he preserved till death.

Now in these examples may be traced all the distinguishing marks of genuine

friendship. Here was the generous forbearance, the noble disinterestedness, the firm reliance, the self-sacrificing devotion—devotion strong even in death—which make the beau-ideal of this heavenly bond. Here, too, were friendships, that knew no abatement, no envyings, no backbitings, no hypocrisy, no detraction, no secret enmities; but they were all open, faithful, generous and sublime.

Are such ties yet extant among us? How noble! yet how rare! And equally rare is that disinterested—that self-sacrificing devotion, which prompts men to give themselves up, soul and body, to the cause of their country. Seldom, it is true, may we expect to see exhibited that sublime patriotic devotion, which led Leonidas and his 3000 Spartans to yield their lives at Thermopylae; which prompted the old Regulus to return to Carthage, and undergo the most excruciating death to save the honor of Rome; or which urged the heroic *Van Speigh* to brave the dangers of death, by blowing up the ship he commanded to save his country's honor. Such conduct is too heroic—such patriotic love too divine for the breast of common mortals. Nor would we care to see revived that doubtful patriotism which fired Thrasylulus of old to expel the thirty tyrants of Athens; and Harmodius and Aristogiton, to dethrone the Pisistratidae; which prompted Brutus to imbrue his hands in the blood of Caesar, and led Cromwell to dethrone and execute the unfortunate Charles I of England. These men generally, reaped profit from their regicides, and thought they saw their way to wealth, power and distinction. They, therefore, little deserve the applause and admiration of mankind. Yet Greece had her Aristides and her Phocio; Rome, her Cato and Camillus; Genoa, her Doria; Switzerland, her Tell; France, her Maid of Orleans; Scotland, her Bruce and Wallace; England, her Sidney and Hampden; and America, “greater than these, than all,” her Washington: all generous, high-souled patriots, who served their country for their country's good, and who have furnished to the world, bright exemplars of patriotic wisdom, which cannot fail to be admired while liberty shall be worshipped among men.

Have we any such spirits among us? Are the days of generous patriotism departed? Though barren the prospect in our political spheres for this noble sentiment, there burns, we know, in many a quiet, humble bosom in our country, a pure, secret flame, which, if occasion should offer, would burst out into a magnificent blaze of patriotic devotion!

The finished gentleman is ever a true friend and a generous patriot: always ready for a faithful discharge of his duties in time of need; with an ambition divested of all merely selfish desires: built upon the eternal principles of truth and virtue; and looking only to that future fame which is identified with his country's interest and honor.

When to these various attributes we add a pure morality, an easy, graceful manner, a neat propriety of dress, a chaste, polished conversation, free from rude profanity—an imperfect sketch is offered of that fine character: that noblest style of man—the *accomplished gentleman*: who is, at once, an ornament to society, a treasure to his country and an honor to his race.

A class of men with these attainments in liberal science and personal training: with this thorough discipline of the mind and this refined culture of the heart, would achieve more towards improving society, and elevating the standard of knowledge; more towards purifying our moral and political atmosphere, and towards building up for our country a bright, lasting reputation, than all the mere politicians that may be assembled in the Halls of Congress for the next five centuries.

How are we to rear a class of men like this? Will not our young men gradually fall into this train of culture? Will they not voluntarily pursue these noble objects of ambition? True, my young friends, an easier task lies before you. You may if you choose, omit the lofty duties of the patriot and the moralist, and without high mental or moral culture, work your way into a little notoriety by turning your talents to the tricks of flattery and artifice; by pandering to the weakness, the appetites, the passions of your fellow-men. But can you stoop to these degrading means? Will you be content with this petty ambition? Can you be willing to live the mere *mushrooms* of an hour, when you may have it in your power to become the *pearls* of ages?

To make the attainments pointed out to you to-day will, it is true, require labor and sacrifice. Your books will have to be your companions by day and by night. Years of patient study and profound thought will be exacted of you ; and your ascent up the hill of fame, naturally slow and gradual, may sometimes subject you to the mortification of seeing the weak and the profligate passing ahead of you in the race ; but be not discouraged, *you* are on the road to true distinction : *they*, to that bubble-fame, that mushroom-popularity, which is as ephemeral and evanescent as the glory of the morning cloud, which soon vanisheth away under the shining light of the sun.

Rest assured, that fame, which is acquired by chicane or impertinence ; which is built upon a mere *show* of knowledge : Upon a bare collection of insulated facts, gathered from a light, discursive reading, from trashy books, or from newspapers and periodicals only—can have but a brief, a very brief existence. It is out of the order of nature. God has given nothing great to mortals without great labor. This is the price of all enduring fame.

“ Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
 Multa tulit fecitque puer : sudavit et alsit :
 Abstinauit venere et vino.”—HOR.



